

"THAT'S ME!"

Lizzie and Mary were proceeding to morning school and, of course, they couldn't resist the attraction of gazing into shop windows on their way.

Suddenly the former paused at the window of the local photographer and glued her eyes on a certain picture. It was the annual procession of school children through the village.

"Mary!" she shrieked excitedly. "Come here!"

"What's the matter, Liz?" asked the other.

"You see the photo of Annie Smith in the third row there?"

"Yes," replied Mary.

"An' you see the pair o' shoes behind Annie?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's me!"

The Reason.

He was a most enthusiastic angler and thought he would seek a new neighborhood in which to try his skill. After tramping about for a good many miles he came upon a fair-sized pond in some low-lying fields.

"Ah!" he said, with the keen eye of an old sportsman, "I'll have a shot at this!"

He had been fishing patiently for an hour when a rustic passed him and stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I say, boy," he said, "are there any fish here?"

"I don't know, sir; if there be any they must be very small."

"Why?" asked the fisherman.

"'Cos," said the boy, "until the



heavy rain yesterday, there weren't no pond." — Horner's Weekly.

Hard on the Piano.

"Good gracious, what on earth is the matter?" gasped the angry father. "Why is there such a row in the parlor?"

"Why, dear, that's Mary and Jane practicing their new duet on the piano," said mother proudly.

"A duet! What, both of 'em playing at once?" Father's voice was hard and cold.

"Yes, of course."

Father snorted with rage.

"Don't they think they can wear out that piano fast enough when they play on it one at a time, then?" he asked sarcastically.